

punch



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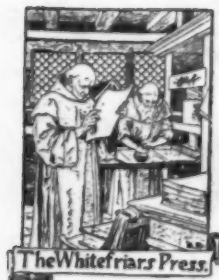
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Punch's Almanack for 1908.



CALENDAR FOR 1908.

January	February	March	April	May	June
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MR. PUNCH'S PROBLEMS.

I.—If CAPTAIN LACKLAND SEIZES THIS OPPORTUNITY OF PROPOSING TO MISS GOLDBAGS, WHAT EXPLANATION WILL HE GIVE TO THE HEAD KEEPER AFTER THE DRIVE?



II.—Will MR. B. RESCUE MRS. B. BEFORE OR AFTER HE LANDS HIS FIRST SALMON?



MR. PUNCH'S PROBLEMS.

III.—Is "Your beater, I think?" the correct thing to say in the circumstances?



IV.—Is it better to be first and get the odd corners and be disturbed by the others, or to be last and find all the best places taken?



THE COMPLEAT ANGLER.

Visitor (whose hand has been forced). "AND WHEN IS YOUR BIRTHDAY, TOMMY?"
Tommy (who has been parentally warned never to fish for birthday presents). "OH, IT'S GONE BY A LONG TIME--A YEAR NEXT SATURDAY."



Old Nurse (to young lady who is going to New Zealand). "SO YOU'RE GOING AWAY TO ONE OF THEY COUNTRIES, MISS MARY, WHERE THEY HAVE DAY WHEN WE HAVE NIGHT, AND NIGHT WHEN WE HAVE DAY?"
Miss Mary. "YES, NURSE."
Old Nurse. "EH, IT WILL TAKE YE SOME TIME TO GET ACCUSTOMED TO THE CHANGE!"



NOW THAT MOTORS ARE SWEEPING THE CHILDREN OFF THE ROADS, THE RAILWAY TRACKS REMAIN THEIR ONLY AVAILABLE PLAYGROUND. AT LEAST YOU KNOW WHERE YOU ARE WITH A TRAIN.



Real Burglar (to guest, who has been told "not to mind any noise he may hear in the night, as it will only be the boys playing a practical joke"). "NAH THEN, WHERE'S YER MONEY?"

Guest. "Now, LOOK HERE, YOUNG SIR. YOU THINK YOURSELF VERY FUNNY, DON'T YOU? BUT I SHALL CERTAINLY TELL YOUR FATHER IN THE MORNING!"

TO A FORTUNATE BABE,

TO WHOM, HOWEVER, ONE GREAT GIFT HAS BEEN DENIED.

INFANT, whose orbs—the blue of bluest china—
Scan with a like dispassionate regard
Your toys, your Christmas-tree, your dolly *Dinah*,
And me, the motley bard;

Little you dream (nor could it be expected
Of one so innocent, so freshly green)
How near—had history's course a shade deflected—
Our kinship might have been.

Twenty-five years ago, when I was younger,
And wore a figure less maturely blown,
I loved your Granny with a wasting hunger
That gnawed me to the bone.

She was a girl of more than common merit;
When I would jest she smiled from ear to ear;
Also she promised shortly to inherit
£5,000 a year.

Judging from well-directed sighs and glances
(Mute testimonials), I deemed that she
Deftly reciprocated my advances;
But—it was not to be!

Her captious father clumsily collided
With our arrangements, castled high in air;
Without consulting me, the brute decided
That I must woo elsewhere.

I thought to drown myself, but Heaven stayed me,
No river being handy but the Cam;
Therefore instead I took an oath that made me
The celibate I am.

My lady did the like, but hers was broken;
She wed Another One—I can't think how;
And you are here to-day, a living token
Of Granny's fractured vow.

Infant, I blame you not at all, nor grudge it,
Though fair the gale that on your future blows,
Promising health and beauty and a budget
Rosy as your own toes.

And yet, whatever favour Fortune's hand adds,
One grace you lack that must be missing still:
You might have counted me among your Grandads—
And now you never will!

O. S.

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Conductor (leaning over side to watch passenger alight, stamps foot vigorously for driver to go on. No notice being taken, stamps again, and again. Finally shouts). "AVE YER GORN TO SLEEP, BILL, OR WHAT?"
 Irate Old Gentleman (apparently in great pain). "THAT WAS MY FOOT YOU WERE STAMPING ON!"
 Conductor. "OH, WAS IT? I THOUGHT IT FUNNY BILL COULDN'T 'EAR!"



Rear Drayman (to driver of dray). "GO ON—TALK TO 'IM, MATE!"
 Bussy (in exaggerated astonishment). "STREW, 'ENRY, I NEVER SEE SUCH A THING BEFORE! THEY'RE BOTH OF 'EM AWAKE!"

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A DAY IN TOWN.

Pictured by Miss Daisy Meadows (of Hopshire) from descriptions in the Society Journals.



At the luncheon hour all the smart restaurants were filled to overflowing.



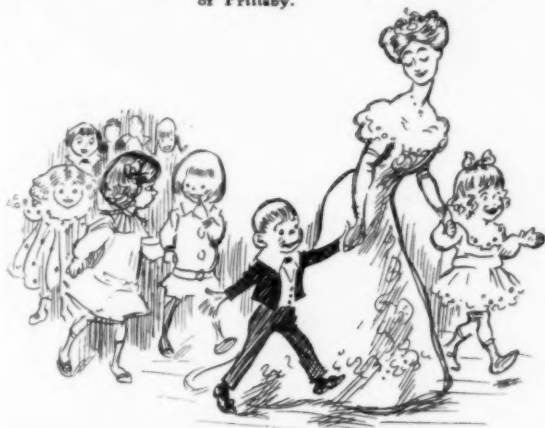
During the afternoon the sunshine brought many well-known people to the Park. Among them was to be seen Mrs. Spicer (in a wonderful confection from Paris), who was holding an animated conversation with several friends—while Lady Gwendolyn Jobkins was walking with her husband.

A DAY IN TOWN.

Pictured by Miss Daisy Meadows (of Hopshire) from descriptions in the Society Journals.



During the afternoon, also, Society flocked to the bazaar in the grounds of Flescingham House, where the great attraction was the magnificent display of "lingerie" by the Countess of Frillaby.



Many important functions took place last night. Everybody in town seemed to be at the Duchess of Crushington's reception. Her Grace, who was blazing with the famous Crushington diamonds, welcomed her guests at the head of the grand staircase. Lady Catcham-Young, who had given a "boy and girl" dinner for the occasion, brought on her guests in a body. Later on there was dancing in the sumptuous ball-room.



Towards midnight a number of guardsmen appeared on the scene, while Mrs. "Hoppy" Skipton, who came on from the Opera, was a conspicuous figure.



"IN THE ADVERSITY OF OUR FRIENDS WE OFTEN FIND SOMETHING WHICH DOES NOT DISPLEASE US."



"NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE."



"MOUNTAINS MAY BE REMOVED BY EARTHQUAKES"



AWKWARD SITUATION OF YOUNG LUMPKINS, WHO, HAVING INADVERTENTLY SHOT A FOX, HAD CAREFULLY HIDDEN IT. UNFORTUNATELY, HOWEVER, HIS RETRIEVER HAD NO SUCH FALSE MODESTY



Colonel (home after long absence abroad, to his sister and hostess). "WHAT'S THAT THING YOU'VE GOT OVER THERE? IS IT A MINOR POET, OR A PIANO PRODIGY, OR WHAT?"
Hostess. "THAT? OH, THAT'S ONE OF OUR SMARTEST YOUNG BLOODS."
Colonel. "THEN, WHY DON'T HE GET HIS HAIR CUT, AND TRY TO LOOK LIKE A GROWN-UP MAN?"

TO AN UNPOPULAR YEAR.

O you that from the first
 Have steadily been cursed
 As just about the worst
 In mortal ken,
 Upon whose watery way
 The sun diffused no ray,
 Barring, perhaps, a stray
 One now and then—

Sweet Weather, fare you well!
 Tho' there be few to swell
 The dirge, or raise the knell,
 Accept, I beg,
 This (tho' the metre's hard)
 Small tribute from a bard
 As bald as bladdered lard,
 Bald as an egg.

The joys that others greet
 As excellent and sweet,
 Long days of quivering heat
 And brassy skies,
 But aggravate my woes,
 That am, from start to close,
 A skating-rink for those
 Infernal flies.

As, when the young stars wake,
 Th' unerring wildfowl make
 A bee-line to the lake;
 As the dry mule,
 Freed from his toilsome pack,
 Unless you hold him back,
 Finds, by a happy knack,
 The nearest pool;

So to my candid pate
 These insects congregate,
 Come early and stay late,
 From far and near;
 They leave the sunny wall,
 They find the ceiling pall,
 They do not seek at all
 The chandelier;

Only to this gay spot
 They come, and falter not;
 Such is my yearly lot,
 My summer woe;
 Their everlasting buzz
 Would rile the Man of Uz;
 And being tickled does
 Annoy me so.

Wherefore, tho' some complain,
 Finding your cold and rain
 Go sorely 'gainst the grain
 (As well they might!),
 In that you made a clean
 Sweep of those flies, I ween
 This Orb has rarely seen
 A year more bright.

Also I make this plea:
 That other years may be
 As beastly, and as free
 From this my ruth;
 That shall be all my pray'r,
 Being (from loss of hair)
 Bare as a boot is bare,
 Bald as the truth.

DUM-DUM.

IN an action brought against the owner of a dog which had bitten a child, the defence was put forward that it was the child's fault, as he had attempted to take away a bone from the dog. Upon cross-examination it transpired that the bone referred to belonged to the child's leg.

THE MAKING OF A SHORT CHRISTMAS STORY.

(With acknowledgments to the Christmas numbers of our contemporaries. NOTE.—As usual, readers of the story may safely disregard the pictures, while admirers of the pictures would do well not to have their attention distracted by the story.)

YULETIDE!

London at Yuletide!

A mantle of white lay upon the Embankment, where our story opens, gleaming and glistening as it caught the rays of the cold December sun. An embroidery of white fringed the trees; and under a canopy of white the proud palaces of Savoy and Cecil reared their silent heads. The mighty river in front was motionless, for the finger of Death had laid its icy hand upon it. Above—the hard blue sky stretching to eternity; below—the white purity of innocence. London in the grip of winter!

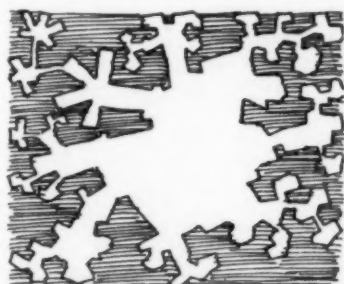
[EDITOR. Come, I like this. This is going to be good. A cold day, was it not?

AUTHOR. Very.]

All at once the quiet of the morning was disturbed. In the distance a bell rang out, sending a joyous pean to the heavens. Another took up the word, and then another, and another. Westminster caught the message from Bartholomew the son of Thunder, and flung it to Giles Without, who gave it gently to Andrew by the Wardrobe. Suddenly the air was filled with bells, all chanting together of peace and happiness, mirth and jollity—a frenzy of bells.

The Duke, father of four fine children, waking in his Highland castle, heard and smiled as he thought of his little ones. . . .

The Merchant Prince, turning over in his Streatham residence, heard, and turned again to sleep, with love for all mankind in his heart. . . .



SNOW-FLAKE
ENLARGED 25,000,000 TIMES

The Pauper in his workhouse, up betimes, heard, and chuckled at the prospect of his Christmas dinner. . . .

And, on the Embankment, Robert

Hardrow, with a cynical smile on his lips, listened to the splendid irony of it.

[EDITOR. We really are getting to the story now, are we not?



LITTLE JIM'S DREAM OF CHRISTMAS MORNING.
(Facsimile of Coloured Supplement already exhausted.)

AUTHOR. That was all local colour. I want to make it quite clear that it was Christmas.

EDITOR. Yes, yes, quite so. This is a Christmas story. I think I shall like Robert, do you know?

It was Christmas day, so much at least was clear to him. With that same cynical smile on his lips, he pulled his shivering rags about him, and half unconsciously felt at the growth of beard about his chin. Nobody would recognise him now. His friends (as he had thought them) would pass by without a glance for the poor outcast near them. The women that he had known would draw their skirts away from him in horror. Even Lady Alice—

Lady Alice! The cause of it all! His thoughts flew back to that last scene, but twenty-four hours ago, when they had parted for ever. As he had entered the hall he had half wondered to himself if there could be anybody in the world that day happier than himself. Tall, well-connected, a vice-president of the Tariff Reform League, and engaged to the sweetest girl in England, he had been the envy of all. Little did he think that that very night he was to receive his *congé*!

What mattered it now how or why

they had quarrelled? A few hasty words, a bitter taunt, tears, and then the end.

A last cry from her—"Go, and let me never see your face again!"

A last sneer from him—"I will go, but first give me back the presents I have promised you!"

Then a slammed door and—silence.

What use, without her guidance, to try to keep straight any more? Bereft of her love, Robert had sunk steadily. Gambling, drink, morphia, billiards, and cigars—he had taken to them all; until now in the wretched figure of the outcast on the Embankment you would never have recognised the once spruce figure of Handsome Hardrow.

[EDITOR. It all seems to have happened rather rapidly, does it not? Twenty-four hours ago he had been—

AUTHOR. You forget that this is a short story.]

Handsome Hardrow! How absurd it sounded now! He had let his beard grow, his clothes were in rags, a scar over one eye testified—

[EDITOR. Yes, yes. Of course, I quite admit that a man might go to the bad in twenty-four hours, but would his beard grow as—

AUTHOR. Look here, you've heard of a man going grey with trouble in a single night, haven't you?

EDITOR. Certainly.

AUTHOR. Well, it's the same idea as that.

EDITOR. Ah, quite so, quite so.

AUTHOR. Where was I?

EDITOR. A scar over one eye was just testifying—I suppose he had two eyes in the ordinary way?

—testified to a drunken frolic of



A PRETTY DEVICE EASILY WORKED
IN HOLLY LEAVES & BERRIES

an hour or two ago. Never before, thought the policeman, as he passed upon his beat, had such a pitiful figure cowered upon the Embank-

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ment, and prayed for the night to cover him.

The—
He was—
Er—the—

[EDITOR. Yes?
AUTHOR. To tell the truth I am rather stuck for the moment.

EDITOR. What is the trouble?

AUTHOR. I don't quite know what to do with Robert for ten hours or so.

EDITOR. Couldn't he go somewhere by a local line?

AUTHOR. This is not a humorous story. The point is that I want him to be outside a certain house some twenty miles from town at eight o'clock that evening.

EDITOR. If I were Robert I should certainly start at once.

AUTHOR. No, I have it.]

As he sat there, his thoughts flew over the bridge of years, and he was wafted on the wings of memory to other and happier Yuletides. That Christmas when he had received his first bicycle . . .

That Christmas abroad . . .



The merry house-party at the place of his Cambridge friend . . . Yuletide at the Towers, where he had first met Alice!

Ah!

Ten hours passed rapidly thus . . .

[AUTHOR. I put stars to denote the flight of years.

EDITOR. Besides, it will give the reader time for a sandwich.]



Robert got up and shook himself.

[EDITOR. One moment. This is a Christmas story. When are you coming to the robin?

AUTHOR. I really can't be bothered about robins just now. I assure you all the best Christmas stories begin like this nowadays. We may get to a robin later; I cannot say.

EDITOR. We must. My readers expect a robin, and they shall have it. And a wassail-bowl, and a turkey, and a Christmas-tree, and a—

AUTHOR. Yes, yes; but wait. We shall come to little Elsie soon, and then perhaps it will be all right.

EDITOR. Little Elsie. Good!]

Robert got up and shook himself. Then he shivered miserably, as the cold wind cut through him like a knife. For a moment he stood motionless, gazing over the stone parapet into the dark river beyond, and as he gazed a thought came into his mind. Why not end it all—here and now? He had nothing to live for. One swift plunge, and—

[EDITOR. You forget. The river was frozen.

AUTHOR. All right, I was just going to say that.]

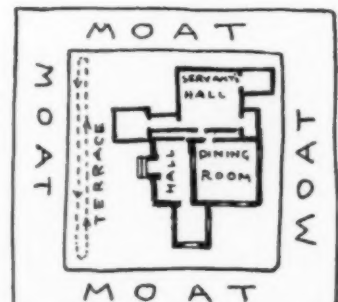
But no! Even in this Fate was against him. The river was frozen over! He turned away with a curse . . .

What happened afterwards Robert never quite understood. Almost unconsciously he must have crossed one of the numerous bridges which span the river and join North London to South. Once on the other side, he seems to have set his face steadily before him, and to have dragged his weary limbs on and on, regardless of time and place. He walked like one in a dream, his mind drugged by the dull narcotic of physical pain. Suddenly he realized that he had left London behind him, and was in the more open spaces of the country. The houses were more scattered; the recurring villa of the clerk had given place to the isolated man-

sion of the stockbroker. Each residence stood in its own splendid grounds, surrounded by fine old forest trees and approached by a long carriage sweep. Electric—

[EDITOR. Quite so. The whole forming a magnificent estate for a retired gentleman. Never mind that.]

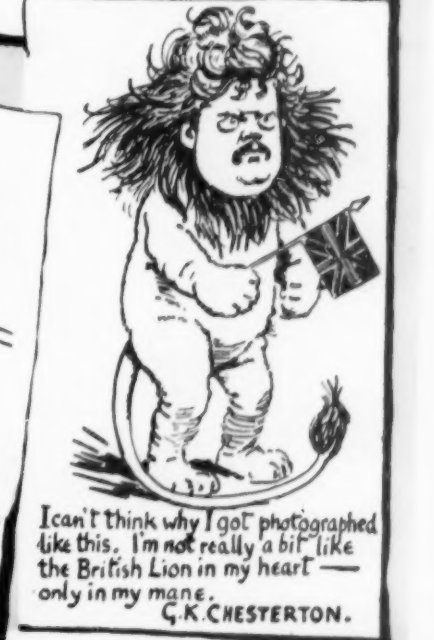
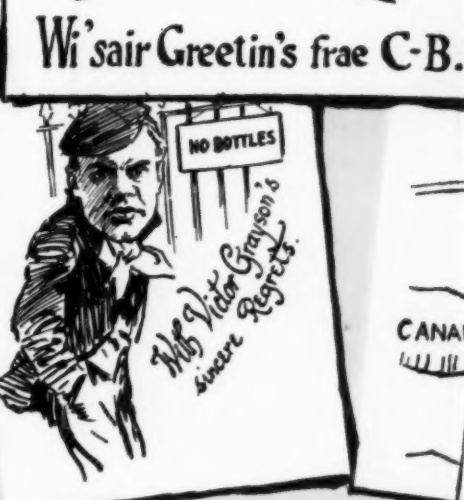
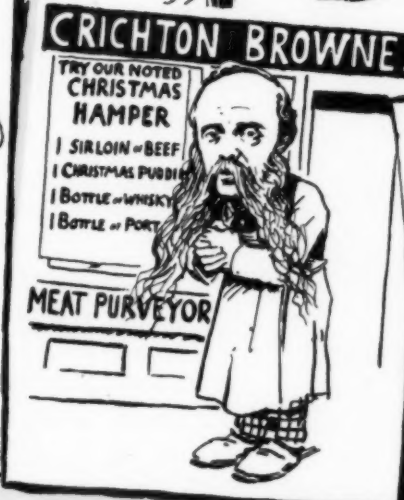
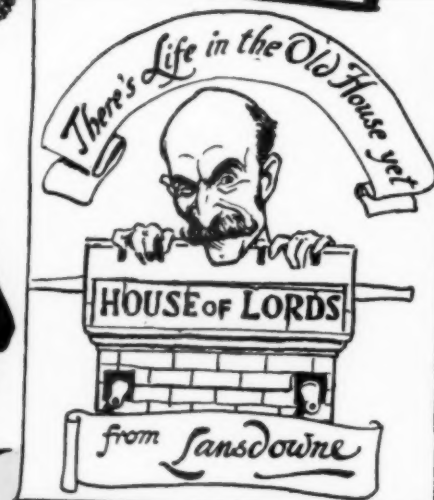
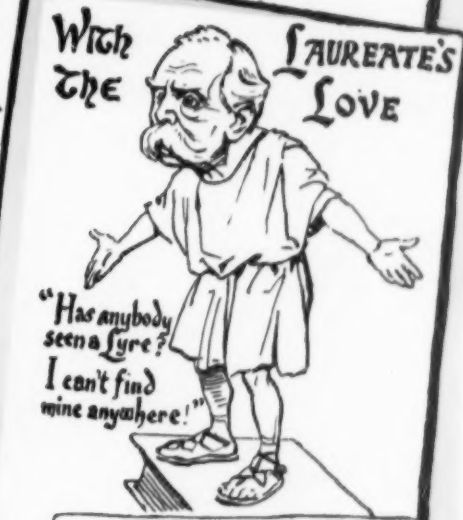
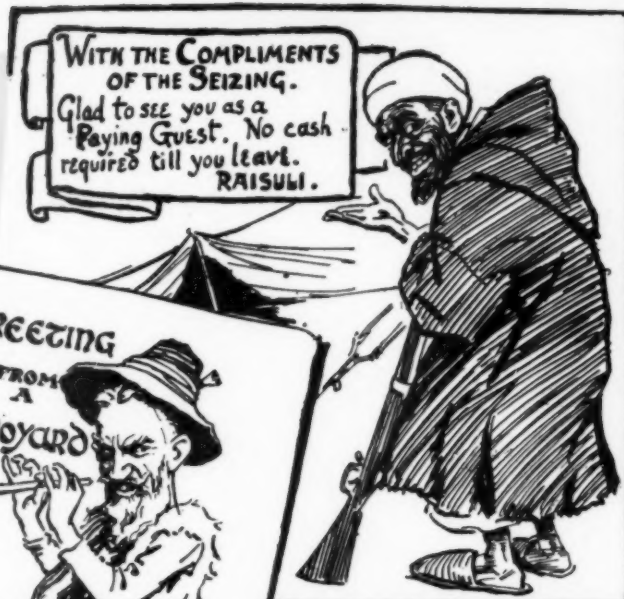
Robert stood at the entrance to one of these houses, and the iron entered into his soul. How different was this man's position from his own! What right had this man—a



PLAN of MOATED GRANGE
DOTTED LINE SHOWS GHOST'S PROMENADE

perfect stranger—to be happy and contented in the heart of his family, while he, Robert, stood, a homeless wanderer, alone in the cold?

Almost unconsciously he wandered



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down the drive, hardly realising what he was doing until he was brought up by the gay lights of the windows. Still without thinking, he stooped down and peered into the brilliantly lit room above him. Within all was jollity; beautiful women moved to and fro, and the happy laughter of children came to him. "Elsie," he heard someone call, and a childish treble responded.

[EDITOR. Now for the robin.

AUTHOR. I am very sorry. I have just remembered something rather sad. The fact is that, two days before, Elsie had forgotten to feed the robin, and in consequence it had died before this story opens.

EDITOR. That is really very awkward. I have already arranged with an artist to do some pictures, and I remember I particularly ordered a robin and a wassail. What about the wassail?

AUTHOR. Elsie always had her porridge UPSTAIRS.]

A terrible thought had come into Robert's head. It was nearly twelve o'clock. The house-party was retiring to bed. He heard the "Good-nights" wafted through the open window; the lights went out, to reappear upstairs. Presently they too went out, and Robert was alone with the darkened house.

The temptation was too much for

would have one good meal, he too would have his Christmas dinner before the end came. He switched the light on and turned eagerly to the table. His eyes ravenously scanned the contents. Turkey,

Robert felt at his chin, and thanked Heaven again that he had let his beard grow. Almost mechanically he decided to wear the mask—in short, to dissemble.

"Yes, my dear," he said. "I just looked in to know what you would like me to bring you."

"You're late, aren't you? Oughtn't you to have come this morning?"

[EDITOR. This is splendid. This quite reconciles me to the absence of the robin. But what was Elsie doing downstairs?

AUTHOR. I am making Robert ask her that question directly.

EDITOR. Yes, but just tell me now—between friends.

AUTHOR. She had left her golliwog in the room,

and couldn't sleep without her.

EDITOR. I knew that was it.]

"If I'm late, dear," said Robert, with a smile, "why, so are you."

The good food and wine in his veins were doing their work, and a pleasant warmth was stealing over Hardrow. He found to his surprise that airy banter still came easy to him.

"To what," he continued, "do I owe the honour of this meeting?"

"I came downstairs for my dolly," said Elsie. "The one you sent me this morning, do you remember?"

"Of course I do, my dear."

"And what have you brought me now, Father Kwistmas?"

Robert started. If he was to play the rôle successfully he must find



"WITHIN ALL WAS JOLLITY."

mince-pies, plum-pudding—all was there as in the days of his youth.

[EDITOR. This is better. I ordered a turkey, I remember. What about the mistletoe and holly? I rather think I asked for some of them.

AUTHOR. We must let the readers take something for granted.

EDITOR. I am not so sure. Couldn't you say something like this: "Holly and mistletoe hung in festoons upon the wall?"

Holly and mistletoe hung in festoons upon the wall.

[EDITOR. Thank you.]

With a sigh of content Hardrow flung himself into a chair, and seized a knife and fork. Soon a plate liberally heaped with good things was before him. Greedily he set to work, with the appetite of a man who had not tasted food for several hours.

"Dood evening," said a voice. "Are you Father Kwistmas?"

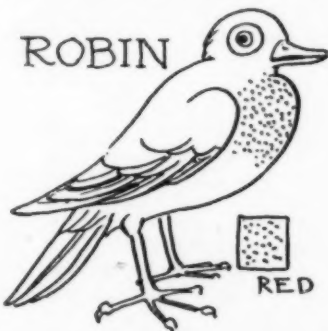
Robert turned suddenly, and gazed in amazement at the white-robed figure in the doorway.

"Elsie," he murmured huskily.

[EDITOR. How did he know? And why "huskily"?

AUTHOR. He didn't know, he guessed. And his mouth was full.]

"Are you Father Kwistmas?" repeated Elsie.



a conscience already sodden with billiards, drink and diabolio. He flung a leg over the sill and drew himself gently into the room. At least he



TURKEY

[TO CARVE—CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE.]

something to give her now. The remains of the turkey, a pair of finger-bowls, his old hat—all these came hastily into his mind, and were dis-

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missed. He had nothing of value on him. All had been pawned long ago.

Stay! The gold locket studded with diamonds and rubies, which contained Alice's photograph. The one memento of her that he had kept, even when the pangs of starvation were upon him. He brought it from its resting-place next his heart.

"A little something to wear round your neck, child," he said. "See!"

"Thank oo," said Elsie. "Why, it opens!"

"Yes, it opens," said Robert moodily.

"Why, it's Alith! Sister Alith!"

[EDITOR. Ha!

AUTHOR. I thought you'd like that.]

Robert leapt to his feet as if he had been shot.

"Who?" he cried.

"My sister Alith. Does oo know her too?"

Alice's sister! Heavens! He covered his face with his hands.

The door opened.

[EDITOR. Ha again!]

"What are you doing here, Elsie?" said a voice. "Go to bed, child. Why, who is this?"

"Father Kwithmath, thithter."

[EDITOR. How exactly do you work the lisping?

AUTHOR. What do you mean? Don't children of Elsie's tender years lisp sometimes?

EDITOR. Yes; but just now she said "Kwistmas" quite correctly—

AUTHOR. I am glad you noticed that. That was an effect which I intended to produce. Lisping is brought about by placing the tongue upon the hard surface of the palate, and in cases where the subject is unduly excited or influenced by emotion the lisp becomes more pronounced. In this case—

EDITOR. Yeth, I thee.]

"Send her away," cried Robert, without raising his head.

The door opened, and closed again.

"Well," said Alice calmly, "and who are you? You may have lied to this poor child, but you cannot deceive me. You are not Father Christmas."

The miserable man raised his shamefaced head and looked haggardly at her.

"Alice!" he muttered, "don't you remember me?"

She gazed at him earnestly.

"Robert! But how changed!"

"Since we parted, Alice, much has happened."

"Yet it seems only yesterday that I saw you!"

[EDITOR. It was only yesterday.



"AS HAROLD LISPED 'A MERRY KWITHMATH TO YOU, THIR!' GALLOPING DICK'S PISTOL DROPPED FROM HIS REMORSEFUL HAND."

(Drawing left over from last year.)

AUTHOR. Yes, yes. Don't interrupt now, please.]

"To me it has seemed years."

"But what are you doing here?" said Alice.

"Rather, what are you doing here?" answered Robert.

[EDITOR. I think Alice's question was the more reasonable one.]

"I live here."

Robert gave a sudden cry.

"Your house! Then I have broken into your house! Alice, send me away! Put me in prison! Do what you will to me! I can never hold up my head again."

Lady Alice looked gently at the wretched figure in front of her.

"I am glad to see you again," she said. "Because I wanted to say that it was my fault!"

"Alice!"

"Can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you? If you knew what my life has been since I left you!



WASSAIL BOWL

If you knew into what paths of wickedness I have sunk! How only this evening, unnerved by excess, I

have deliberately broken into this house—your house—in order to obtain food, and (who knows?) perhaps even more than food? If you knew, I—"

With a gesture of infinite compassion she stopped him.

"Then let us forgive each other," she said with a smile. "It is Christmas day, Robert!"

He took her in his arms. "Listen," he said.

In the distance the bells began to ring. A message of hope. It was Christmas Day.

[EDITOR. I thought Christmas Day had started on the Embankment. This would be Boxing Day.

AUTHOR. I'm sorry, but it must end like that. I must have my bells.

EDITOR. Then you must make it the 24th when

the story opened.

AUTHOR. That would spoil everything. Let's leave it as it is. You can explain somehow.

EDITOR. That's all very well. I have a good deal to explain as it is. Some of your story doesn't fit the pictures at all, and it is too late now to get new ones done.

AUTHOR. I am afraid I cannot work to order.

EDITOR. Yes, I know. The artist said the same thing. Well, I must manage somehow, I suppose. Good-bye. Rotten weather for August, isn't it? A. A. M.

SECOND THOUGHTS.

HARRY, when you proposed to me last night

In that blunt clumsy way of yours, although

It was not unexpected, I took fright And answered No.

The wedding-ring has terrors for me, Harry;

Its apparition set me in a whirl; But, all the same, I don't want you to marry

Some other girl.

The very thought torments me; though prepared,

Nay, satisfied, to face the world alone,

What would my future be should yours be shared

By Grace or Joan?

Don't look upon the thing as settled, will you?

Why should we, either of us, suffer pain?

And I, for one, can't eat or sleep until you

Ask me again.

Punch's Almanack for 1908.



Recognising the fact that all forms of holiday have become played out, and the cry is for Novelty, the Brigands' Holiday Capture Syndicate, Ltd., have secured tracts of lonely land, such as Beachy Head, for the formation of Brigands' Camps.



Several eminent Brigand Chiefs from Italy, Albania, Greece, Morocco, &c., have been engaged.



Visitors arriving will be arrested, blindfolded, and taken to the interior of the camp.



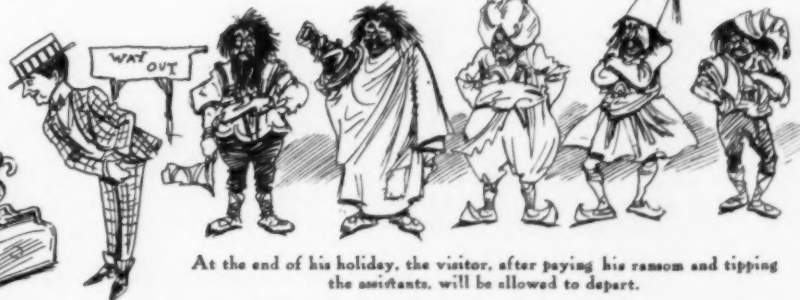
And there introduced to the Brigand Chief who happens to be on duty.



Musical evenings will be arranged.



And among the amusements provided will be predatory expeditions (by arrangement with neighbouring farmers).



At the end of his holiday, the visitor, after paying his ransom and tipping the assistants, will be allowed to depart.

THE BRIGANDS' HOLIDAY CAPTURE SYNDICATE, LTD.

Punch's Almanack for 1908.

MINCE-MEAT.

(By our Charivariety Artists.)

A MEAN multi-millionaire who suffered terribly from sea-sickness on his way back to New York, has, it is said, demanded a rebate off his fare, claiming special terms as a "returned empty."

We are sorry to hear of the illness of one of our most interesting centenarians. The poor fellow, who lately celebrated his 102nd birthday, now fears he will not make old bones.

It is wonderful what appetites—and digestive powers—folk have in the provinces. We came across the following notice in a Birmingham hotel:

YOU ARE REQUESTED TO BOLT YOUR DOOR BEFORE RETIRING TO REST.

"Renaissance Pudding" is the attractive item which caught our eye recently. It is certainly more subtle than "Resurrection Pie."

There have been several cases recently of bridegrooms failing to put in an appearance at the marriage ceremony, and this is pointed to as one more sign that pluck is a fast-vanishing quality among us. Careful brides are now insisting on their fiancés having understudies.

"The Majority take So-and-So's Pills," says an advertisement. Personally we are not anxious to join the Great Majority.

A certain American plutocrat who has amassed his wealth in a very questionable way, is about to retire from business, and it is said that,

attracted by the name, he has made the Duke of SUTHERLAND a tempting offer for Dunrobin Castle.

It has been asserted that more than half the motor accidents which occur are caused by the moustache. Men who have absolutely no capacity for the calling become chauffeurs

pace. "Never mind," said Angelina, brightly, "it'll take him longer to do his hour, and serve him jolly well right!"

"A Musical Extravagance" was the descriptive sub-title which a theatrical manager recently gave to a production of his. The excuse the

Public made for staying away was that they could not afford extravagances in these bad times.

A gentleman responsible for certain sensational novels writes to the proprietors of a fountain pen: "I have written all my books with your pen. It is certainly a great boon to the author. I use nothing else." Here and there you get an author who uses brains as well.

A distinguished literary lady whose name is prominently associated with a cosmetic, is, we hear, now engaged on a great poem to be entitled "Hair-washa."

A regrettable affair is reported from the Zoo, as the result of which the Skunk and the animal in the opposite cage do not speak to one another now. The Skunk, the tale goes, was asked how he was. "Not very well. I have a cold," he said, "and can't smell." At which his neighbour cried, "Hooray!" If we may say so, we think it absurd for the Skunk to be so touchy.

A dear old lady on reading a description of some Golf Links which were stated to have eighteen holes, wondered why it was that the proprietors did not put the place in repair.



HARD TIMES.

She. "VERY CHEAP THESE MOTOR BUSES, AIN'T THEY, BILL?"

He. "YUS. YER GOT TO WALK A LONG WAY TO SAVE A PENNY NOWADAYS, AIN'T YER?"

simply because they will not then be compelled to shave like other servants. Our experience, however, is diametrically opposed to this. It seems to us that all chauffeurs have a peculiar affection for the close shave.

Edwin and Angelina, having a number of calls to pay, hired a cab by the hour. The obviously discontented cabby drove them, as is usual in such circumstances, at a funeral

Punch's Almanack for 1908.



A FINE AFTERNOON IN HYDE PARK.

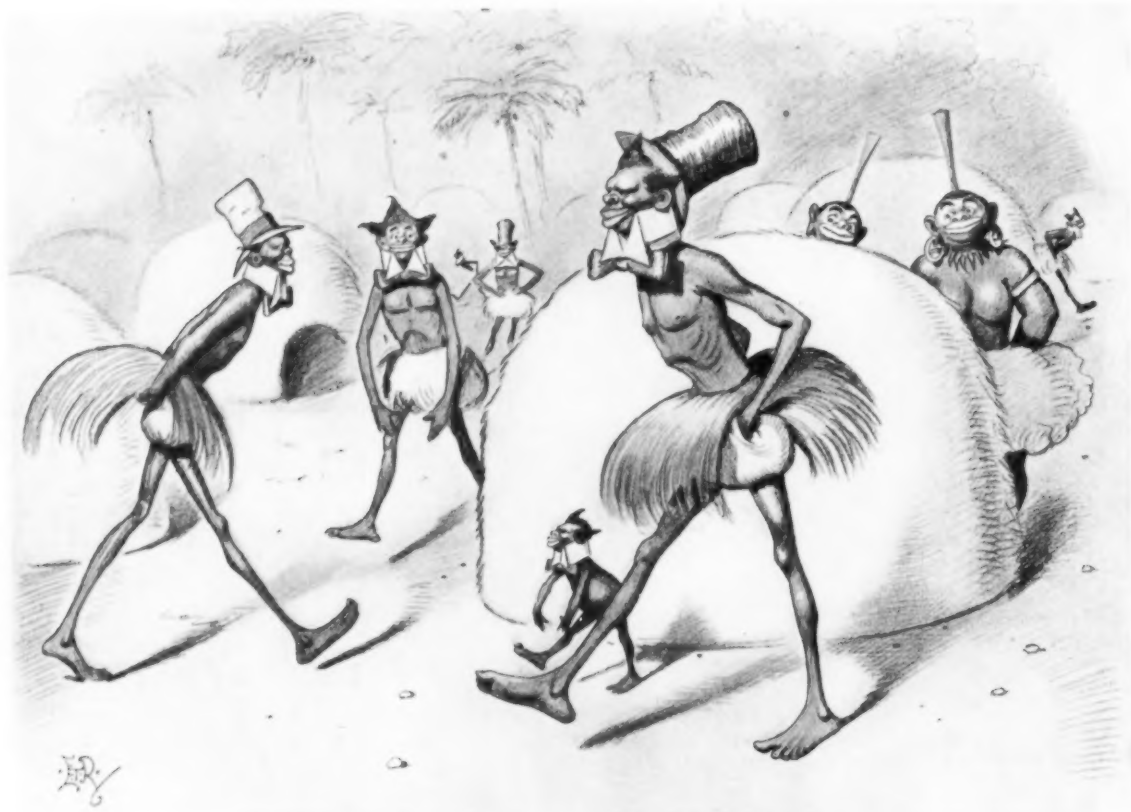
MUCH ALARM HAS BEEN FELT LATELY AT THE SPREAD OF THE EAST END ACCENT IN CIRCLES WHERE ONE WOULD LEAST THINK TO FIND IT. DEEDS WILL DOUBTLESS FOLLOW WORDS, AND NEXT SEASON SUCH SCENES AS THESE MAY BE CONFIDENTLY EXPECTED.



SATURDAY NIGHT IN PARK LANE.

Punch's Almanack for 1908.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON WINSTON'S STATE VOYAGE.



THE "WINSTON WALK" IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

(The effect on the natives of a visit from the Rt. Hon. W. Churchill.)

"Oh, why do dey call me a Winston boy—Winston boy—Winston boy?!!" etc., etc.



Winston (to local King). "You remind me a little of dear old Elgin.
Might I try your crown on?"



Our artist has never had the pleasure of meeting an Okapi in real life, so he feels there may be something wrong somewhere.

Punch's Almanack for 1908.

WHAT WILL BECOME OF ROOSEVELT WHEN HIS TERM OF OFFICE IS CONCLUDED?



Will a Music Hall Syndicate offer him a three-years' engagement in Europe, at £500 a week, for a fifteen-minutes' turn of bronco-busting, revolver-shooting, &c.?



Will the Bishop of London, in recognition of his muscular Christianity, give him a curacy in the Shadwell or Wapping district, with the prospect of working his way up the river to something better?



Will he become a City Alderman and eventually rise to the title and dignity of Sir Theodore Roosevelt, Bart., Lord Mayor of London?



Or will he accept an invitation from the Emperor of Sahara to act as Deputy Emperor, under the name of Tedi-Rozuv-el-Tin, during his Majesty's visits to Paris?

Punch's Almanack for 1908.



Conjuror (to Harry, who has kindly stepped up to assist with the card tricks). "Now, Sir, you know what a pack of cards is?"
Harry (determined not to be made a fool of). "I KNOW WHAT A PACK OF CARDS ARE!"



Golfer (to excited pedestrian, who has been already driven into by couple coming in opposite direction). "FORE!"
Excited Pedestrian. "OHL RIGHT, GUY'SOR! YOU AIN'T GOT A RABBIT BURROW 'ANDY, 'AVE YER?"



THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.

His Worship the Mayor of Higginborough (to African traveller, after lantern lecture). "Now, THESE 'NATIVES' YOU SPEAK OF, 'AVE THEY ANYTHINK EQUIVALENT TO OUR GREAT MUNICIPAL BODIES?"



YE MERRIE CHRYSTMASSE DINNER.

Queen of the Revels. "DON'T YOU REALLY FEEL THAT WE'RE BACK IN THE DEAR ROMANTIC OLD DAYS?"
Father Christmas (after fifteen minutes of silent torture). "PERKINS, UNHOOK THIS BEARD!"

Punch's Almanack for 1908.



Off on the
skis for a little skating.



The Very Place



Finding his ice legs.



Losing one of his snow
feet.



"Come back, you brute!"



!!!!



Stranded.



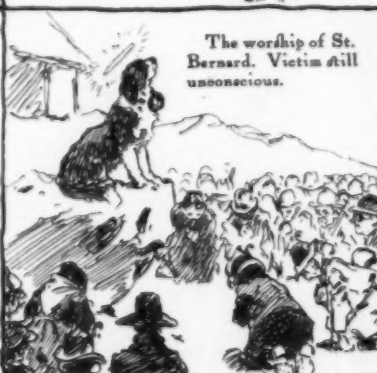
Signs of
a catastrophe.



The search party.



Found unconscious.



The worship of St.
Bernard. Victim still
unconscious.



Victim regains consciousness.

SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS.



Tourist (who has been patiently listening to abuse of the rich and plans for betterment of things in general). "BUT, MY GOOD MAN, IF THESE CHANGES WERE CARRIED OUT, IT WOULD MEAN A TREMENDOUS SOCIAL UPIHEAVAL."
Old Man (slapping his thigh). "DEMME, I'D RISK IT!"



THE CHRISTMAS SERMON.

Little Girl. "DADDY, DOES HE KNOW THAT WE DINE AT ONE?"



Helpful Boy (to gentleman who has fallen while trying to jump on a motor bus). "IT'S ALL RIGHT, GUV'NOR—'ERE'S ANUVVER ONE COMIN'!"

THE OPEN ROAD.

SWATHED like a mummy in his furs
Sits Mammon at the wheel,
And onward, ever onward spurs
His steed of flame and steel.
The monster moans and hums and
purrs,
And, as the life within it stirs,
Makes ready for its meal.

The song-bird, stricken in mid air,
It grinds into the mire;
The squirrel scurrying to its lair
Dies 'neath the deadly tire;
And golden summer's pageant rare
That makes the hedgerows fine and
fair
It blasts with smoke and fire.

And, as its note of savage pride
Is tuned to screaming pitch,
Age, bent and bowed and heavy-eyed,
It spurns into the ditch,

Digging more deep at ev'ry stride
The gulf, already yawning wide,
Between the poor and rich.

It taints the freshness of the dawn,
The fragrance of the night,
The veil by dewy darkness drawn
It rends with blinding light.
And nymph and dryad, fay and faun,
Flee from its hateful pathway, strawn
With trophies of its might.

No open road remains secure
From Mammon's fell attack;
No obstacle can he endure,
No warning turns him back;
But racing over down and moor
He turns the playground of the poor
Into a railway track.

Such are the thoughts that in me rise,
Such fury in me grows,

When choking dust assails my eyes
And choking fumes my nose;
Till, scorning to be mild or wise,
My indignation rashly flies
Beyond the bounds of prose.

With Tories of the truest Blue
Till now identified,
I find the motoring Yahoo
Has made me change my side,
And, growing *capable de tout*,
I join the bottle-throwing crew
With GRAYSON for my guide.

And yet, should Mammon ever deign
To take me in his car,
The maggot works within my brain,
I chafe at check and bar;
I reckon not of the maimed and slain;
I only know that I am fain
To travel fast and far.

Punch's Almanack for 1908.



THE SPIRIT'S WILLING.

Loafer. "OLD YER 'OBESH, MUM?"

Lady. "NO, THANK YOU."

Loafer. "CAN I RUN ANYWHERE FOR YER, MUM?"



A TRUE BRITISH SPORTSMAN.

The Convalescent. "I'M MUCH BETTER NOW, NURSE. WILL YOU PLEASE PUT ME AT THE WINDOW? I FEEL I COULD KILL A FLY."



THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME.